

THE
CHARACTER

OF

A London-Diurnall:

VVith severall select

POEMS:

By the same Author.

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THE CHARACTER OF A London-Diurnall.

A *Diurnall* is a puny Chronicle, scarce pin-feather'd with the wings of time : It is an Historie in *Sippets*; the English *Iliads* in a Nut-shell; the *Apocryphall* Parliaments book of *Macca-bees* in single sheets. It would tire a Welch-pedigree, to reckon how many aps 'tis remov'd from an Annall : For it is of that Extract ; onely of the younger House, like a Shrimp to a Lobster. The *originall sinner* in this kind was Dutch ; *Galliobelgicus* the *Protoplast* ; and the *moderne Mercuries* but *Hans-en-Kelders*. The Countesse of *Zealand* was brought to bed of an Almanack ; as many Children, as daies in the yeare. It may be the *Legislative Lady* is of that Linage ; so she spawnes the *Diurnalls*, and they at *Westminster*, take them in Adoption, by the names of *Scoticus*, *Civicus*, *Britanicus*. In the Frontispice of the old *Beldame-Diurnall*, like the Contents of the Chapter, sits the House of Commons judging the twelve Tribes of *Israel*. You may call them the Kingdomes Anatomy before the weekly Kalender: For such is a *Diurnall*, the day of the moneth, with what weather in the Common-wealth. 'Tis taken for the Pulse of the Body-politique ; and the Emperick-Divines of the Assembly, those spirituall *Dragooners*, thumbe it accordingly. Indeed it is a pritty *Synopsis*; and those grave *Rabbies* (though in point of *Divinity*) trade in no larger Authors. The Countrey-Carrier, when he buyes it for their Vicar, miscalls it the *Urnnall* : yet properly enough ; For it casts the water of the State, ever since it staled blood. It differs from an *Aulicus*, as the Devill and his Exorcist ; or as a black Witch doth from a white one, whose office is to unravell her enchantments.

It begins usually with an Ordinance, which is a Law still-borne, dropt, before quickned by the Royall assent : 'Tis one of the Par-

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liaments by-blowes, (Acts only being legitimate) and hath no more Syre, then a Spanish Gennet, that's begotten by the wind.

Thus their *Militia* (like its Patron, *Mars*) is the issue onely of the mother, without the concurrence of Royall *Jupiter*.

Yet Law it is, if they vote it, though in defiance of their *Fundamentalls*; like the old *Sexton*, who swore his Clock went true, what ever the Sun said to the contrary.

The next *Ingredient* of a *Diurnall* is plots, horrible plots; which with wonderfull Sagacity it hunts dry-foot, while they are yet in their Causes, before *Materia prima* can put on her smock. How many such fits of the Mother have troubled the Kingdome, and (for all Sir *Walter Earle* looks like a Man-Midwife) not yet delivered of so much as a Cushion? But Actors must have their Properties; And, since the Stages were voted downe, the onely Play-house is at *Westminster*.

Suteable to their plots are their Informers; *Skipppers* and *Taylor*s; Spaniells both for the Land and the *VVater*: *Good conscionable* Intelligence! For, however *Pym's* Bill may inflame the reckoning, the honest *Vermyn* have not so much for lying, as the *Publique Faith*.

Thus a zealous Botcher in *Moresfields*, while he was contriving some *Quirpo-cut* of Church-Government, by the help of his out-lying Eares, and the *Otaconsticon* of the Spirit, discovered such a plot, that *Selden* intends to combate Antiquity, and maintain it was a *Taylor's Goose*, that preserved the *Capitol*.

I wonder my Lord of *Canterbury* is not once more all-to-be-traytor'd for dealing with the Lions, to settle the Commission of Array in the Tower. It would do well to cramp the Articles Dormant, besides the opportunity of reforming those Beasts of the Prerogative, and changing their prophane names of *Harry* and *Charles*, into *Nehemiah* and *Eleazer*.

Suppose a Corne-cutter, being to give little *Isaac* a cast of his Office, should fall to paring his Browes, mistaking the one end for the other; because he branches at both. This would be a plot; and the next *Diurnall* would furnish you with this Scale of Votes.

Resolved upon the Question, that this Act of the Corncutters was an absolute Invasion of the Cities Charter, in the representative Forehead of *Isaac*. Resolved, that the evill Councillours about the

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the Corn-cutter are Popishly affected, and Enemies to the State. Resolved, that there be a publike Thanksgiving for the great deliverance of *Isaac's* Brow-antlers; and a solemne Covenant drawn up, to defie the Corn-cutter, and all his works.

Thus the *Quixotes* of this Age fight with the Windmills of their own heads; quell Monsters of their own creation, make plots, and then discover them; as who fitter to unkennell the Fox, then the Tarryer, that is a part of him.

In the third place march their Adventures; the *Roundheads* Legend, the Rebels Romance; Stories of a larger size, then the Eares of their Sect; able to strangle the Beliefe of a *Soli-fidian*.

I'll present them in their order; and first, as a Whiffeler before the show, enter *Stamford*, one that trod the Stage with the first, travers'd his ground, made a legge and *Exit*. The Countrey-people took him for one, that by Order of the Houies was to dance a Morrice through the West of *England*. Well, hee's a nimble Gentleman, set him but upon *Bankes* his Horse in a Saddle Rampant, and it is a great question, which part of the Centaure shewes better trickes.

There was a Vote passing to translate him, with all his Equipage into Monumentall-Gingerbread; but it was cross'd by the Female-Committee, alleadging that the valour of his Image would bite their Children by the Tongues.

This Cubit and an halfe of Commander, by the helpe of a *Diurnall*, routed his enemies fifty miles off: 'tis strange you'l say, and yet it is generally believed, he would as soon do it at that distance, as nearer hand. Sure it was his Sword, for which the weapon-salve was invented: that so wounding and healing, like loving *Correlates*, might both work at the same removes.

But the Squibbe is run to the end of the Rope. Roome, for the *Prodigy of Valour*, *Madam Atropos* in breeches; *Waller's* Knight-errantry: and, because every *Mountibanke* must have his *Zany*, throw him in *Haslerigge*, to set off his story: these two like *Bell* and the *Dragon*, are alwaies worshipped in the same Chapter: they hunt in their Couples, what one doth at the head, the other scores up at the heele.

Thus they kill a man over and over, as *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* murder the Psalmes, with another to the same; one chimes all in, and then the other strikes up, as the Saints-Bell.

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I wonder, for how many lives my Lord *Hoptons* Soule took the Lease of his Body.

First, *Stamford* slew him: then *Waller* out-killed that halfe a Barre: and yet it is thought the sullen corps would scarce bleed, were both these Man-killers never so near it.

The same goes of a Dutch Heads-man, that he would do his office with so much ease and dexterity, that the Head after execution should stand still upon the shoulders: pray God Sir *William* be not Probationer for the place. For, as if he had the like knack too, most of those, whom the *Diurnall* hath slain for him, to us poore Mortals seem untoucht.

Thus these Artificers of Death can kill the man, without wounding the body, like Lightning, that melts the Sword, and never singes the Scabbard.

This is the *William*, whose Lady is the *Conquerour*; This is the *Cities Champion*, and the *Diurnalls Delight*; he, that Cuckolds the Generall in his Commission: for, he stalks with *Essex*, and shoots under his belly, because his Excellency himself is not charged there. Yet in all this triumph there is a whip and a bell; translate but the Scene to *Round-way-downe*: There *Hastleriggs Lobsters* were turned into Crabs, and crawl'd backwards; there poor Sir *William* ran to his Lady for a use of consolation.

But the *Diurnall* is weary of the Arm of flesh, and now begins an *Hosanna* to *Cromwell*, one that hath beat up his Drums cleane through the Old Testament: you may learn the Genealogie of our Saviour, by the names in his Regiment: The Muster-master uses no other List, then the first Chapter of *Matthew*.

With what face can they object to the King the bringing in of Forraigners, when themselves entertain such an Army of *Hebrewes*? This *Cromwell* is never so valorous, as when he is making Speeches for the Association, which neverthelesse he doth somewhat ominously, with his neck awry, holding up his eare, as if he expected *Mahomet's Pidgeon* to come, and prompt him: He should be a Bird of prey too, by his bloody beake: his nose is able to try a young Eagle, whether she be lawfully begotten. But all is not Gold that glisters: What we wonder at in the rest of them, is naturall to him, to kill without blood-shed: For, most of his Trophies are in a Church-Window; when a Looking-Glasse would shew him more Superstition: He is so perfect a hater of Images, that he hath defaced

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ced Gods in his own Countenance. If he deale with Men, it is when he takes them napping in an old Monument: Then downe goes dust and ashes: and the stoutest Cavalier is no better. O brave *Oliver*! Times Voyder, Sub-fizer to the Wormes; in whom Death, that formerly devoured our Ancestors, now chews the Cud: He said Grace once, as if he would have fallen aboard with the *Marquesse of Newcastle*: Nay, and the *Diurnall* gave you his Bill of Fare; But it proved but a running Banquet, as appeares by the Story. Beleeve him as he whistles to his *Cambridge Teeme* of Committee-men, and he doth Wonders. But Holy men (like the *Holy language*) must be read backwards. They rife Colledges, to promote Learning; and pull down Churches for Edification. But Sacriledge is intailed upon him: There must be a *Cromwell* for Cathedralls, as well as Abbeyes: A secure sinner, whose offence carries its pardon in its mouth: For, how can he be hanged for Church-robbery, which gives it selfe the benefit of the Clergie?

But for all *Cromwells* Nose wears the Dominicall Letter, yet compared with *Manchester*, he is but like the *Vigills* to an Holy-day. This, this, is the man of God: so sanctified a Thunder-bolt, that *Burrowes* in a proportionable blasphemy to his *Lords of Hosts*, would stile him the *Archangell*, giving Battell to the Devill.

Indeed, as the Angells, each of them makes a severall *Species*; so every one of his Souldiers is a distinct Church. Had these Beasts been to enter the Arke, it would have puzzled *Noah* to have sorted them into paires. If ever there were a rope of Sand, it was so many Sects twisted into an Association.

They agree in nothing, but that they are all *Adamites* in Understanding: It is the sign of a Coward, to winke, and fight; yet all their Valour proceeds from their *Ignorance*.

But I wonder whence their Generals purity proceeds; it is not by *Traduction*; if he was begotten Saint, it was by Equivocall Generation: for the Devill in the Father, is turn'd Monk in the Son; so his godlinesse is of the same Parentage with good Lawes; both extracted out of bad Manners; and would he alter the Scripture, as he hath attempted the Creed, he might vary the Text, and say to Corruption, Thou art my *Father*.

This is he, that hath put out one of the Kingdoms eyes, by clouding our Mother-University, and (if the Scotch mist further prevaile) will extinguish this other: He hath the like quarrell to both; because

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cause both are strung with the same *Optick Nerve*, knowing *Loyalty*. Barbarous Rebell ! who will be reveng'd upon all Learning, because his Treason is beyond the Mercy of the Book.

The *Diurnall* as yet hath not talkt much of his Victories: but there is the more behind: For the Knight must alwaies beat the Gyant; That's resolv'd. If any thing fall out amisse, which cannot be smothered, the *Diurnall* hath a help at Maw; It is but putting to Sea, and taking a *Danish Fleet*; or brewing it with some successe out of *Ireland*, and it goes down merrily.

There are more Puppets, that move by the Wyre of a *Diurnall*; as *Brereton* and *Gell*; two of *Mars* his Petty-toes, such snivelling Cowards, that it is a favour to call them so; was *Brereton* to fight with his teeth, as in all other things he resembles the beast, he would have odds of any man at the weapon; O hee's a terrible slaughter-man at a Thank-giving Dinner, had he been a *Canniball* to have eaten those that he vanquish'd, his gut would have made him valiant.

The greatest wonder is at *Fairfax*, how he comes to be a Babe of Grace? Certainly it is not in his personall, but (as the *State Sophies* distinguish) in his Polotique Capacity; regenerated *ab extra*, by the zeale of the House he sate in, as Chickens are hatcht at *Grand Cairo*, by the adoption of an Oven.

There is the *Wood-Monger* too, a feeble crutch to a declining cause, a new Branch of the old *Oake* of *Reformation*.

And now I speak of *Reformation*, *vous avez Fox*, the Tinker; the liveliest Embleme of it that may be; For what did this Parliament ever go about to reforme, but Tinker-wise, in mending one hole they made three.

But I have not inke enough to cure all the Tettors and Ring-wormes of the State.

I will close up all thus. The Victories of the Rebels are like the Magickall combate of *Apuleius*; who, thinking he had slain three of his Enemies, found them at last, but a Triumvirate of Bladders. Such, and so empty, are the Triumphs of a *Diurnall*: but so many impostumated Fancies, so many Bladders of their own blowing.

F I N I S.

POEMS.

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A Song of Marke Anthony.

VHen as the Nightingall chanted her Vessers,
And the wild Forrester coutch'd on the ground,
Venus invited me in th' Evening whispers,
Unto a fragrant field with Roses crown'd:
Where she before had sent
My wishes complement
Unto my hearts content,
Plaid with me on the Green.
Never Marke Anthony
Dallied more wantonly
With the faire Egyptian Queen.

First on her cherry cheekes I mine eyes feasted,
Then feare of surfetting made me retire:
Next on her warme lips, which, when I tasted,
My deller spirits made active as fire.
Then we begin to dart
Each at anothers heart,
Arrowes that knew no smart;
Sweet lips and smiles between.
Never Marke, &c.

Wanting a glasse to pleat her amber trasses,
Which like a bracelet rich decked mine arme;
Gawdier than Juno weares, when as she graces
Jove with embraces more stately than warme,
Then did she peepe in mine
Eyes humour Chrystaline;
I in her eyes was seen,
As if we one had been.
Never Marke, &c.

Mysticall Grammer of amorous glances,
Feeling of pulses the Phisicke of Love,
Rhetoricall courtings, and Musicall Dances;
Numbring of kisses Arithmeticke prove.
Eyes like Astronomy,

R

Streight

Streight limbe Geometry :
 In her hearts ingeny
 Our wits are sharpe and keene.
 Never Marke, &c.

When as the Night-raven sung Pluto's Mattins,
 And Cerberus cried three Amens at a hole ;
 When night-wandring Witches put on their pattins,
 Midnight as darke as their faces are foule.
 Then did the Furies doome
 That the night-mare was come ;
 Such a mishapen Groom
 Putt downe Su. Pomfret cleane.
 Never did Incubus
 Touch such a filthy Sus,
 As this foule Gipsie Queane.

First one her gooseberry cheekes I mine eyes blasted ;
 Thence feare of vomiting made me retire
 Unto her blower lips, which when I tasted,
 My spirits were duller than Dan in the mire.
 But then her breath tooke place,
 Which went an ushers pace,
 And made way for her face ;
 You may guesse what I meane.
 Never did, &c.

Like Snakes engendring, were placed her tresses,
 Or like the slimy streakes of ropy Ale ;
 Uglier than Envy weares, when she confesses
 Her head is perewigg'd with Adders taile.
 But as soone as she spake,
 I heard a harsh Mandrake :
 Laugh not at my mistake,
 Her head is Epicene.
 Never did, &c.

Mysticall Magicke of conjuring wrinckles,
 Feeling of pulses, the Palmestry of Hagg,

*Scolding out belches for Rhetorick twinckles ;
 With three teeth in her head like to three gaggs,
 Rainebowes about her eyes,
 And her nose weatherwise ;
 From them th' Almanacke lies,
 Frost, Pond, and Rivers cleane.
 Never did, &c.*

Upon an Hermophodite

SIr, or Madame, chuse you whether,
 Nature twist'd you both together :
 And makes thy foule two garbes confesse,
 Both Petticoat and Breeches dresse.
 Thus we chastise the God of *Wine*
 With water that is Feminine,
 Untill the cooler Nymph abate
 His wrath, and so con corporate.
Adam till his rib was lost,
 Had both Sexes thus ingroft :
 When Providence our Sire did cleave,
 And out of *Adam* carved *Eve*,
 Then did man 'bout Wedlock treat
 To make his body up compleat :
 Thus Matrimony speaks but *Thee*
 In a grave solemnity.
 For man and wife, make but one right
 Canonick *Hermophrodite*.
 Ravell thy body, and I finde
 In every limb a double kinde.
 Who would not think that head a paire,
 That breeds such faction in the haire ?
 One halfe so churlish in the touch,
 That rather then endure so much,

I would my tender limbes apparell
 In *Regulus* his nailed barrell :
 But the other halfe so small,
 And so amorous withall,
 That *Cupid* thinkes each haire doth grow
 A string for his invis'ble Bow.
 When I looke babies in thine eyes,
 Here *Venus*, there *Adonis* lies.
 And though thy beauty be high noone,
 Thy Orbe containes both Sun and Moone.
 How many melting kisses skip
 Twixt thy Male and Female lip ?
 Twixt thy upper brush of haire
 And thy nether beards dispaire.
 When thou speak'st I would not wrong.
 Thy sweetnesse with a double tongue :
 But in every single sound
 A perfect Dialogue is found.
 Thy breasts distinguish one another ;
 This the sister, that the brother.
 When thou joyn'st hands, my eare still fancies
 The Nuptiall sound, I *lohn* take *Frances* :
 Feele but the difference, soft and rough ;
 This a Gantlet, that a Muffe :
 Had fly *Ulysses*, at the sacke
 Of *Troy*, brought thee his Pedlers pack;
 And weapons too to know *Achilles*
 From King *Nicomedes Phillis*,
 His plot had fail'd ; this hand would feele
 The Needle, that the warlike Steele.
 When Musick doth thy pace advance,
 Thy right legge takes thy left to dance.

Nor is't a Galliard danc't by one,
 But a mixt dance, though alone :
 Thus every heteroclite part
 Changes gender, but thy heart.
 Nay those which modest can meane,
 And dare not speake, are Epicoene ;
 That Gamester needs must overcome,
 That can play both Tib, and Tom.
 Thus did natures mintage vary,
 Coyning thee a *Philip and Mary*.

*The Authors Hermophrodite, made after
 M. Randolphs death, yet inserted into his
 Poems.*

P Robleme of Sexes ; must thou likewise bee
 As disputable in thy Pedigree ?
 Thou Twins-in-one, in whom Dame Nature tries
 To throw lesse then Aumes, ace upon two dyes ;
 Wer't thou serv'd up two in one dish, the rather
 To split thy Sire into a double father ?
 True, the worlds scales are even : what the maine
 In one place gets, another quits againe.
 Nature lost one by thee, and therefore must
 Slice me in two, to keep her number just :
 Pluralitie of livings is thy state,
 And therefore mine must be inappropriate.
 For since the child is mine, and yet the claime
 Is intercepted by anothers name,

Never

Never did steeple carry double truer,
 His is the Donative, and mine the Cure.
 Then say my Muse (and without more dispute)
 Who 'tis that fame doth superinstitute.
 The *Theban* Wittall when he once descries,
Iove is his rivall, falls to Sacrifice:
 That name hath tipt his hornes: see on his knees
 A health to Hans-en-Kelder *Hercules*.
 Nay sublunarie Cuckolds are content
 To entertaine their Fate with complement;
 And shall not he be proud whom *Randolph* daignes
 To quarter with his Muse both Armes and Braines?
 Gramercy Gossip? I rejoyce to see
 Shee'th got a leap of such a Barberie.
 Talk not of hornes, hornes are the Poets Crest:
 For since the Muses left their former nest,
 To found a Nunnerie in *Randolphs* quill,
 Cuckold *Parnassus* is a forked hill.

But stay I've wak't his dust, his Marble stirres,
 And brings the wormes for his Compurgators.
 Can Ghost have naturall Sonnes? say *Ogg*, is't meet
 Pennance beare date after the winding-sheet?
 Were it a *Phœnix* (as the double kinde
 May seem to prove, being there's two combin'd)
 It would disclaime my right: and that it were
 The lawfull Issue of his ashes, sweare.
 But was he dead? did not his soule translate
 Her selfe into a shop of lesser rate?
 Or break up house like an expensive Lord
 That gives his Purse a sob, and lives at board?
 Let old *Pythagoras* but play the Pimp,
 And still there's hopes't may prove his bastard imp.

But

But I'me prophane : For grant the world had one
 With whom he might contract an union,
 They two were one : yet like an Eagle spread,
 I'th body joyn'd, but parted in the head.

For you my brat that pose the porph'ry Chair
 Pope *Iohn* or *Ioan*, or what soe're you are,
 You are a Nephew. Grieve not at your state,
 For all the world is illegitimate.

Man cannot get a man unlesse the Sun
 Club to the act of Generation ;

The sun and man get man, thus *Tom* and I
 Are the joynt fathers of my Poetry.

For since (blest shade) this Verse is Male, but mine
 O'th' weaker Sex, a Fancy Foemine :

Wee'll part the childe, and yet commit no slaughter,
 So shall it be thy Son, and yet my Daughter.

*Upon Phillis walking in a morning before
 Sun-rising.*

THe sluggish morne, as yet undrest,
 My *Phillis* brake from out her East ;

As if shee'd made a match to run
 With *Venus* Usher to the sun.

The Trees like yeomen of her guard,
 Serving more for pomp then ward,
 Rank't on each side with loyall duty,
 Weave branches to enclose her beauty.

The Plants whose luxury was lopt,
 Or age with crutches underpropt ;

Whose

Whose wooden carkases are growne
 To be but coffins of their owne ;
 Revive, and at her generall dole
 Each receives his ancient soule:
 The winged Choristers began
 To chirpe their Mattins : and the Fan
 Of whistling winds like Organs plaid,
 Untill their Voluntaries made
 The wakened earth in Odours rise
 To be her morning Sacrifice.
 The flowers call'd out of their beds,
 Start, and raise up their drow sie heads :
 And he that for their colour seekes,
 May find it vaulting in her cheekes,
 Where Roses mixe : no Civill War
 Betweene her *Yorke* and *Lancaster*.
 The Marigold whose Courtiers face
 Ecchoes the Sun, and doth unlace
 Her at his rise, at his full stop
 Packs and shuts up her gaudy shop,
 Mistakes her cue, and doth display.
 Thus *Philis* antidates the day.

These miracles had cramp't the Sunne,
 Who thinking that his kingdom's wonne,
 Powders with light his freezled lockes,
 To see what Saint his lustre mocks.
 The trembling leaves through which he plaid,
 Dapling the walke with light and shade,
 Like Lattice-windowes, give the spie
 Roome but to peep with halfe an eye ;
 Least her full Orb his sight should dim,
 And bids us all good-night in him,

Till

Till she would spend a gentle ray
 To force us a new fashion'd day.
 But what religious Paulsie's this
 Which makes the boughs divest their blifs?
 And that they might her foot-steps strawe,
 Drop their leaves with shivering awe.
Phillis perceives, and (least her stay
 Should wed October unto May;
 And as her beauty caus'd a Spring,
 Devotion might an Autumne bring)
 With-drew her beames, yet made no night,
 But left the Sun her Curate-light.

*Upon a Miser that made a great Feast,
 and the next day dyed for grieve.*

NOr 'scapes he so: our dinner was so good,
 My liquorish Muse cannot but chew the cood:
 And what delight shee tooke i'th' invitation,
 Strives to tast o're againe in this relation.

After a tedious Grace in *Hopkins* rithme,
 Not for devotion, but to take up time,
 March't the train'd-band of dishes usher'd there,
 To shew their postures, and then *As they were*.
 For he invites no teeth, perchance the eye
 Hec will afford the Lovers gluttony;
 Thus is the Feast a muster, not a fight.
 Our weapons not for service, but for fight.

But are we Tantaliz'd? is all this meat
 Cook'd by a Limner for to view, not eat?

Th' Astrologers keep such *Houses* when they sup
 On joynts of *Taurus*, or their heavenly Tup.
 Whatever feasts he made are sum'd up here,
 His table vyes not standing with his cheare.
 His Churchings, Christ'nings, in this Meale are all,
 And not transcrib'd, but i'th Originall.
 Christmas is no Feast movable: for loe
 The self. same dinner was ten years agoe:
 'Twill be immortall if it longer stay,
 The Gods will eat it for *Ambrosia*.

But stay a while; unlesse my whinyard faile,
 Or it enchanted, I'le cut off th'intaille.
Saint George for *England* then: have at the mutton,
 When the first cut calls me blood-thirsty glutton:
 What *Ajax* with his anger quodl'd braine
 Killing a sheep thought *Agamemnon* slaine:
 The fiction's now prov'd true; wounding his roast,
 I lamentably butcher up mine hoast.
 Such sympathie is with his meat, my weapon
 Makes him an Eunuch, when it carves his Capon.
 Cut a Goose-leg, and the poore soule for moane
 Turnes Creeple too, and after stands on one.

Have you not heard th'abominable sport
 A *Lancaster* Grand Jurie will report:
 The souldier with his *Morglay* watcht the Mill;
 The Cats they came to feast, when lustie *Will*
 Whips off great Pusses leg, which by some charme
 Proves the next day such an old womans arme:
 'Tis so with him whose karkase never scapes,
 But still we slash him in a thousand shapes.
 Our serving-men like Spaniels range, to spring
 The fowle which he hath clockt under his wing.
 Should

Should he on Widgeon, or on Woodcock feed,
 It were (*Thyestes*-like, on his owne breed.
 To porke he pleades a superstition due,
 But not a mouth is muzled by the Jew.
 Sawces we should have none, had he his wish,
 The Oranges i'th margent of the dish
 He with such Huchters tells them o're and o're,
 Th' *Hesperian* Dragon never watch them more.

But being eaten now into dispaire,
 Having nought else to doe, he falls to prayer :
 As thou did'st once put on the forme of Bull,
 And turn'st thy *Io* to a lovely Mull,
 Defend my rump great *Jove*; grant this poor beefe
 May live to comfort me in all this griefe.
 But no *Amen* was said : See, see it comes,
 Draw boyes, let Trumpets sound & strike up Drums.
 See how his blood doth with the gravie swim,
 And every trencher has a limb of him. (per,
 The Ven'ions now in view, our Hounds spend dee-
 Strange Deer, which in the Pasty hath a Keeper
 Stricter then in the Park, making his guest
 (As he had stoln't alive) to steale it drest :
 The scent was hot; and we pursuing faster,
 The *Ovids* pack of dogs e're chas'd their Master,
 A double prey at once may seize upon,
Acteon and his case of Venison :

Thus was he torne alive. To vex him worse,
 Death serves him up now as a second coorse.

Should we, like *Thracians*, our dead bodyes eat,
 He would have liv'd only to save his meat.

*A young Man to an old Woman Court-
ing him.*

Peeace Beldam *Eve* : surcrease thy fruit,
 There's no temptation in such fruit.
 No rotten Medlers, whil'st there be
 Whole Orchards in Virginitie.
 Thy stock is too much out of date
 For tender plants t'inoculate.
 A match with thee thy bridegroom fears
 Would be thought Int'rest in his years,
 Which when compar'd to thine, become
 Odd money to thy Grandam summe.
 Can Wedlock know so great a curse
 As putting husbands out to Nurse ?
 How *Pond* and *Rivers* would mistake,
 And cry new *Almanacks* for our sake ?
 Time sure hath wheel'd about his yeare,
December meeting *Fanivere*.
 The *Ægyptian* Serpent figures time,
 And stript, returns unto his Prime :
 If my affection thou would'st win,
 First cast thy Hieroglyphick skin.
 My moderne lips know not (alack)
 The old Religion of thy smack.
 I count that primitive embrace,
 As out of fashion as thy face.
 And yet so long 'tis since thy fall,
 Thy Fornication's Classicall.
 Our sports will differ : thou mayst play
Acero, and I *Alphonso* way.

I me

I'me no tranflator ; have no veine
 To turne a woman young againe :
 Unleffe you'l grant the Tailors due,
 To fee the forebodies be new :
 I love to weare cloathes that are fluff,
 Not perfacing old rags with plush :

Like Aldermen, or Monster Shreeves,
 With Canvas Backs, and Velvet Sleeves.
 And juft fuch difcord there would be
 Betwixt thy Skeleton and me.

Goe ftudy Salve and Treacle, ply
 Your Tenants leg, or his fore eye ;
 Thus Matrons purchafe credit, thank
 Six penny-worth of Mountebank.
 Or chew thy cood on fome delight
 Thou takeft in thy *Eighty Eight*.
 Or be but Bedrid once, and then
 Thou'lt dream thy youthfull fins agen.
 But if thou needs will be my Spoufe,
 Firft hearken, and attend my Vowes:
 " When *Atna's* fires fhall undergo
 " The penance of the *Alpes* in fnow,
 " When *Sol* at one blaft of his horn
 " Posts from the *Crab* to *Capricorne*,
 " When th'heavens fhuffle all in one,
 " The Torrid with the Frozen Zone ;
 " When all thefe contradictions meet,
 " Then (*Sybill*) thou and I will greet.
 For all thefe fimilities do hold
 In my young heat and thy dull cold ;
 Then if a Feaver be fo good
 A Pimp, as to inflame thy blood,

Hymen

Hymen shall twist thee, and thy Page
The distinct Tropicks of Mans age.

Well (Madam Time) be ever bald,
He not thy Perywig, be call'd.
He never be, 'stead of a Lover,
An aged Chronicles new Cover.

*To M. K. T. who askt him why hee
was dumb.*

STay, should I answer (Lady) then
In vaine would be your question;
Should I be dumb, why then againe
Your asking me would be in vaine.
Silence nor speech (on neither hand)
Can satisfie this strange demand.
Yet since your will throwes me upon
This wished contradiction,
He tell you how I did become
So strangely (as you heare mee) dumb.

Ask but the Chap-faine Puritan,
'Tis zeale that tongue-ties that good man:
For heat of Conscience, all men hold,
Is th' onely way to catch that cold.
How should loves zealot then forbear
To be your silenc'd Minister?
Nay your religion which doth grant
A worship due to you my Saint,
Yet counts it that devotion wrong
That does it in the vulgar tongue.

My

My ruder words would give offence
 To such an hallow'd excellence ;
 As th' English Dialect would vary
 The goodnesse of an *Ave Mary*.

How can I speake, that twice am checkt
 By this and that religious Sect :
 Still dumb, and in your face I spie
 Still cause, and still Divinitie.
 As soone as blest with your salute,
 My Manners taught me to be mute :
 For, least they cancell all the blisse
 You sign'd with so divine a kisse,
 The lips you seale must needs consent
 Unto the tongues imprisonment.
 My tongue in hold, my voice doth rise
 (With a strange *E-la*) to my eyes ;
 Where it gets Baile, and in that sense
 Begins a new-found Eloquence.

Oh listen with attentive sight
 To what my prating eyes indite :
 Or (Lady) since 'tis in your choice,
 To give, or to suspend my voice,
 With the same key set ope the doore
 Wherewith you lockt it fast before ;
 Kisse once againe, and when you thus
 Have doubly beene miraculous,
 My Muse shall write with Handmaids duty
 The Golden Legend of your Beauty.

He whom his dumbnesse now confines,
 But meanes to speake the rest by signes.

*A Faire Nymph scorning a Black Boy
Courting her.*

Nymph. **S**Tand off, and let me take the aire,
Why should the smoak pursue the faire?

Boy. My face is smoak, thence may be guest
What flames within have scorch'd my brest.

Nymph. The flame of love I cannot view,
For the dark Lanthorne of thy hue.

Boy. And yet this Lanthorne keeps loves Taper
Surer then yours, that's of white paper.
Whatever Midnight hath been here,
The Moon-shine of your light can cleare.

Nymph. My Moon of an Ecclipse is 'fraid,
If thou should'st interpose thy shade.

Boy. Yet one thing (sweet-heart) I will ask,
Buy me for a new false Mask.

Nymph. Yes: but my bargaine shall be this,
I'll throw my Maske off when I kisse.

Boy. Our curl'd embraces shall delight
To checquer limbs with black, and white.

Nymph. Thy inke, my paper, make me guesse,
Our Nuptiall bed will make a Presse;
And in our sports, if any came,
They'll read a wanton Epigram.

Boy. Why should my Black thy love impaire?
Let the darke shop commend thy ware:
Or if thy love from black forbears,
I'll strive to wash it off with teares.

Nymph. Spare fruitless teares, since thou must needs
Still weare about thee mourning weeds:

Teares

Teares can no more affection win,
Then wash thy Æthiopian skin.

*A Dialogue between two Zealots, upon
the &c. in the Oath.*

Sir Roger, from a zealous piece of Freeze,
Rais'd to a Vicar of the Childrens thrice;
Whose yearely Audit may, by strict accompt,
To twenty Nobles, and his Vailes amount;
Fed on the Common of the femal charity,
Untill the Scots can bring about their parity;
So shotten, that his foule, like to himselfe,
Walks but in *Querpo*: This same Clergie Elfe,
Encount'ring with a Brother of the Cloth,
Fell presently to Cudgells with the Oath.
The Quarrell was a strange mis-shapen Monster,
&c. (God blesse us) which they confter,
The Brand upon the buttock of the Beast,
The Dragons taile ti'd on a knot, a neast
Of young *unpious*, the fashion
Of a new mentall Reservation.

While Roger thus divides the Text, the other
Winks and expounds, saying, My pious Brother,
Hearken with reverence, for the point is nice,
I never read on't, but I tasted twice,
And so by Revelation know it better
Then all the learn'd Idolaters o'th' Letter.
With that he swell'd, and fell upon the Theame,
Like great Goliab with his Weavers beame:

I say to thee &c. thou li'st,
 Thou art the curled locke of Antichrist :
 Rubbish of *Babel*, for who will not say
 Tongues were confounded in &c.?
 Who sweares &c. sweares more oathes at once
 Then *Cerberus* out of his Triple Sconce.
 Who views it well, with the same eye beholds
 The old halfe Serpent in his numerous foulds.
 Accurst &c. thou, for now I scent
 What lately the prodigious, Oysters meant.
 Oh *Booker*, *Booker*, how can'st thou to lack
 This signe in thy Prophetick Almanack ?
 It's the darke Vault wherein th' infernall plot
 Of powder 'gainst the State was first begot.
 Peruse the Oath, and you shall soone descry it
 By all the Father *Garnets* that stand by it.
 'Gainst whom the Church, whereof I am a Member,
 Shall keep another fifth day of November.
 Yet here's not all, I cannot halfe untruss
 &c. it's so abominous.
 The *Trojan* Nag was not so fully lin'd,
 Unrip &c. and you shall find
 Of the great Commissarie, and which is worse,
 Th' Apparatur upon his skew-bald Horse.
 Then (finally my Babe of Grace) forbear,
 &c. will be too farre to sweare:
 For 'tis (to speake in a familliar stile)
 A Yorkshire Wea-bit, longer then a mile.
 Then *Roger* was inspir'd, and by Gods-diggers,
 Hee'l sweare in words at large, and not in figures.
 Now by this drinke, which he takes off, as loth
 To leave &c. in his liquid Oath.

His

His brother pledg'd him, and that bloody wine,
 He swears shall seal the Synods *Cataline*.
 So they drunk on, not offering to part
 Til they had quite sworn out th' eleventh quart :
 While all that saw and heard them joyntly pray,
 They and their Tribe were all &c.

Smectymnuus, or the Club-Divines.

S*mectymnuus* ? The Goblin makes me start :
 I'th' Name of Rabbi *Abraham*, what art ?
Syriac ? or *Arabick* ? or *Welsh* ? what skilt ?
 Ap all the Bricklayers that *Babell* built.
 Some Conjuror translate, and let me know it :
 Till then 'tis fit for a *West-Saxon* Poet.
 But doe the Brother-hood then play their prizes,
 Like Mummers in Religion with disguises ?
 Out-brave us with a name in Rank and File,
 A Name which if 'twere train'd would spread a mile :
 The Saints Monopolic, the zealous Cluster,
 Which like a Porcupine presents a Muster,
 And shoots his quills at Bishops and their Sees,
 A devout litter of young *Maccabees*.
 Thus Jack-of-all-trades, hath devoutly showne
 The twelve Apostles on a Cherry-stone.
 Thus Faction's All-a-Mode in Treasons fashion ;
 Now we have Heresie by Complication.
 Like to *Don Quixots* Rosary of Slaves
 Strung on a chaine ; A Murnivall of Knaves
 Packt in a Trick ; like Gypsies when they ride,
 Or like Colleagues which fit all of a side :

So the vaine Satyrists stand all a row,
 As hallow'teeth upon a Lute-string shew.
 Th' *Italian* Monster pregnant with his Brother,
 Natures *Dyaresis*, halfe one another,
 He, with his little Sides-man *Lazarus*,
 Must both give way unto *Smeetymnus*.
 Next *Strubridge-Faire* is *Smec's*; for loe his side
 Into a five fold *Lazar's* multipli'd.
 Under each arme there's tuckt a double Gyssard,
 Five faces lurke under one single vizzard.
 The Whore of *Babylon* left these brats behind,
 Heires of Confusion by *Gavell-kind*.
 I think *Pythagoras's* soule is rambl'd hither,
 With all the change of Rayment on together:
Smec is her generall Wardrobe, shee'l not dare
 To thinke of him as of a thorough-fare;
 He stops the Gossopping Dame; alone he is
 The Purlew of a *Metempsychosis*.
 Like a Scotch Marke, where the more modest sense
 Checks the loud phrase, & shrinks to thirteen pence:
 Like to an *Ignis fatuus*, whose flame
 Though sometimes tripartite, joynes in the same:
 Like to nine Taylors, who if rightly spell'd,
 Into one man, are monosyllabled.
 Short-handed zeale in one hath cramped many,
 Like to the Decalogue in a single penny.
 See, see, how close the Curs hunt under a sheet,
 As if they spent in Quire, and scan'd their feet;
 One Cure and five Incumbents leap a Truss,
 The title sure must be litigious,
 The *Saduces* would raise a question,
 Who must be *Smec* at th' Resurrection.

Who

Who cook'd them up together were to blame,
 Had they but wyre-drawne, and spun out their name,
 'T would make another Prentises Petition
 Against the Bishops, and their Superstition.

Robson and French (that count from five to five,
 As farre as nature fingers did contrive,
 Shee saw they would be Sessers; that's the cause
 Shee cleft their hoof into so many clawes)
 May tire their Carret-bunch, yet ne're agree
 To rate *Smeetyrnus* for Polemonic.

Caligula, whose pride was Mankinds Baile,
 As who disdain'd to murder by retaile,
 Wishing the world had but one generall Neck,
 His glutton blade might have found game in *Smeec*.
 No Eccho can improve the Authour more,
 Whose lungs payes use on use to halfe a score.
 No Fellow is more letter'd, though the brand
 Both superscribes his shoulder and his hand.
 Some Welch-man was his Godfather; for he
 Weares in his name his Genealogie.

The Banes are askt, would but the times give way,
 Betwixt *Smeetyrnus*, and *Et cetera*.

The Guests invited by a friendly Summons,
 Should be the Convocation, and the Commons.

The Priest to tie the Foxes tailes together,
Moseley, or *Sancta Clara*, chuse you whether.

See, what an off-spring every one expects?

What strange pluralities of Men and Sects?

One sayes hee'l get a Vestery; another

Is for a Synod: Bet upon the Mother.

Faith cry *St. George*, let them go to't, and stickle,

Whether a Conclave, or a Conventicle.

Thus

Thus might Religions caterwaule, and spight,
 Which uses to divorce, might once unite.
 But their crosse fortunes interdict their trade;
 The Groome is Rampant, but the Bride displai'd.
 My task is done; all my hee-Goats are milkt;
 So many Cards i'th stock, and yet be bilkt;
 I could by Letters now untwist the rable;
 Whip *Smec* from Constable to Constable.
 But there I leave you to another dressing,
 Onely kneel downe, and take your Fathers blessing.
 May the *Queen-Mother* justifie your feares,
 And stretch her Patent to your leather-cares.

The Mixt Assembly.

FLeabitten Synod: an Assembly brew'd
 Of Clerks and Elders *ana*, like the rude
 Chaos of Presbyt'ry, where Lay-men guide
 With the tame Woolpack Clergie by their side.
 Who askt the Banes 'twixt these discolour'd Mates:
 A strange *Grottesco* this, the Church and States
 (Most divine tick-tack) in a pye-bald crew,
 To serve as table-men of divers hue.
 Shee that conceiv'd an *Aethiopian* heire
 By picture, when the parents both were faire,
 At sight of you had borne a dappl'd son.
 You chequering her 'magination.
 Had *Jacobs* flock but seen you sit, the dams
 Had brought forth speckled and ringstreaked lambs.
 Like an Impropriatours Motley kind,
 VVhose Scarlet Coat is with a Cassock lin'd.

Like

Like the Lay-thiefe in a Canonick weed,
 Sure of his Clergie e're he did the deed.
 Like *Royston* Crowes, who are (as I may say)
 Friers of both the Orders *Black* and *Gray*.
 So mixt they are, one knowes not whether's thicker,
 A Layre of Burgesse, or a Layre of Vicar.

Have they usurp'd what Royall *Judah* had?
 And now must *Levi* too part stakes with *Gad*?
 The Scepter and the Crozier are the Crutches,
 VVhich if not trusted in their pious Clutches,
 Will faile the Cripple State. And were't not pity
 But both should serve the yardwand of the City:
 That *Isaac* might stroke his beard, and sit
 Judge of *his* *and* *Elegerit*.

Oh that they were in chalk and charcole drawne!
 The Misselany Satyr, and the Fawne,
 And all th' Adulteries of twisted nature
 But faintly represent this ridling feature,
 VVhose Members being not Tallies, they'l not own
 Their fellowes at the Resurrection.

Strange Scarlet Doctors these, they'l passe in Story
 For sinners halfe refin'd in Purgatory;
 Or parboyl'd Lobsters, where there joyntly rules
 The fading Sables and the coming Gules.

The flea that *Falstaffe* damn'd, thus lewdly shewes
 Tormented in the flames of *Bardolp's* Nose.

Like him that wore the Dialogue of Cloaks,
 This shoulde *Iohn a Styles*, that *Iohn a Neaks*.

Like Jewes and Christians in a ship together,
 With an old Neck-verse to distinguish either.

Like their intended Discipline to boot,
 Or Whatsoe're hath neither head nor foot:

Such

Such may these strip't-stuffe hangings seem to be,
 Sacriledge matcht with Codpeece-Symony ;
 Be sick and dream a little, you may then
 Phanſie theſe Linſie-Woolſie Veſtry-men.

Forbeare good *Pembroke*, be not over-daring,
 Such Company may chance to ſpoile thy ſwearing :
 And theſe Drum-Major oaths of Bulke unruly,
 May dwindle to a feeble *By my truly*.

Hee that the Noble *Percyes* blood inherits,
 Will he ſtrike up a *Hotſpur* of the ſpirits :
 Hee'l fright the *Obadiabs* out of tune,
 VVith his uncircumciſed *Algernoon*.

A name ſo ſtubborne, 'tis not to be ſcan'd
 By him in *Gath* with the ſix finger'd hand.

See, they obey the Magick of my words.
Preſto ; they're gone. And now the Houſe of Lords
 Looks like the wither'd face of an old hagg,
 But with three teeth, like to a triple gagg.

A Jig, a Jig : And in this Antick dance
Fielding, and doxy *Marſhall* firſt advance.
Twiss blowes the Scotch pipes, and the loving braſe
 Puts on the traces, and treads Cinqu-a-pace.

Then *Say and Scale* muſt his old Hamſtrings ſupple,
 And he and rumpl'd *Palmer* make a couple.

Palmer's a fruitfull girle, if hee'l unfold her,
 The Midwife may finde worke about her ſhoulder,
Kimbolton, that rebellious *Banerges*,
 Muſt be content to ſaddle Doctor *Burges*.

If *Burges* get a clap, 'tis ne're the worſe,
 But the fiſt time of his Compurgators.

Nol Bowles is coy ; good ſadneſſe cannot dance
 But in obedience to the Ordinance,

Her

Her *Wharton* wheels about till *Mumping Lidy*,
 Like the full *Moone*, hath made his Lordship giddy.
Pym and the *Members* must their giblets levy
 T'incounter *Madam Smec*, that single *Bevy*.
 If they two truck together, 'will not be
 A Childbirth, but a *Gaole-Deliverie*.
 Thus every *Gibeline* hath got his *Guelph*,
 But *Selden*, hee's a *Galliard* by himself,
 And well may be; there's more *Divines* in him
 Then in all this their *Jewish Sanhedrim*:
 Whose *Canons* in the forge shall then bear date,
 VVhen *Mules* their *Cosin-Germans* generate.
 Thus *Moses* Law is violated now,
 The *Ox* and *Ass* go yok'd in the same plough.
 Resign thy *Coach-box Twisse*; *Brook's* Preacher, he
 VVould sort the beasts with more conformity.
 Water & earth make but one *Globe*, a *Roundhead*
 Is *Clergy-Lay Party-per-pale* compounded.

The Kings Disguise.

A ND why a *Tenant* to this vile disguise, (eyes?
 Which who but sees blasphemes thee with his
 My twins of light within their pent-house shrink,
 And hold it their *Alleageance* now to winke.
 Oh for a *State-distinction* to arraigne
Charles of high *Treason* 'gainst my *Soveraigne*.
 VVhat an *usurper* to his *Prince* is wont,
Cloyster and shave him, he himselfe hath don't.
 His muffled feature speakes him a recluse,
 His ruins prove him a religious house.

The Sun hath mew'd his beames from off his lamp,
 And Majesty defac'd the Royall stamp.
 Is't not enough thy Dignity's in thrall,
 But thou'lt transmute it in thy shape and all?
 As if thy Blacks were of too faint a die,
 Without the tincture of Tautologie.
 Flay an Egyptian for his Caslock skin
 Spun of his Countreys darknettle, line't within
 With Presbyterian budge, that drowfie trance,
 The Synods fable, foggy ignorance.
 Nor bodily nor ghostly Negro could
 Rough-cast thy figure in a sadder mould:
 This Privie-chamber of thy shape would be
 But the Close mourner of thy Royaltie.
 'Twill breake the circle of thy Jailors spell,
 A Pearle within a rugged Oysters shell.
 Heaven, which the Minster of thy Person owns,
 Will fine thee for Dilapidations.
 Like to a martyr'd Abbeyes courser doome,
 Devoutly alter'd to a Pigeon roome:
 Or like the Colledge by the changeling rabble,
Manchesters Elves, transform'd into a Stable.
 Or if there be a prophanation higher,
 Such is the Sacrilege of thine Attire.
 By which th'art halfe depos'd, thou look'st like one
 Whose looks are under Sequestration.
 Whose Renegado form, at the first glance,
 Shews like the self-denying Ordinance.
 Angell of light, and darknesse too, I doubt,
 Inspir'd within, and yet posses'd without.
 Majestick twilight in the state of grace,
 Yet with an excommunicated face.

Charles.

Charles and his Maske are of a different mint,
 A Psalm of mercy in a miscreant print.
 The Sun wears Midnight, Day is Beetle-brow'd,
 And Lightning is in Keldar of a cloud.
 Oh the accurst Stenographie of fate!
 The Princely Eagle shrunke into a Bat.
 What charme, what Magick vapour can it be
 That shrinks his rayes to this Apostasie?
 It is no subtile filme of tiffany ayre,
 No Cob-web vizard, such as Ladies weare,
 When they are veyl'd on purpose to be seene,
 Doubling their lustre by their vanquisht Skreene:
 Nor the false scabberd of a Princes tough
 Metall, and three-pil'd darknesse, like the * flough
 Of an imprisoned flame, 'tis *Faux* in graine,
 Darke Lanthorn to our high Meridian.
 Hell belcht the damp, the *Warwick*-Castle-Vote
 Rang *Britains* Curfeu, so our light went out.
 Thy visage is not legible, the letters,
 Like a Lords name, writ in phantastick fetters:
 Cloathes where a Switzer might be buried quicke,
 Sure they would fit the Body Politique.
 False beard enough, to fit a stages plot,
 For that's the ambush of their wit, God wot.
 Nay all his properties so strange appeare,
 Y'are not i'th' presence, though the King be there.
 A Libell is his dresse, a garb uncouth,
 Such as the * *Hue* and *Cry* once purg'd at mouth.
 Scribling Assasinate, thy lines attest
 An eare-mark due; Cub of the Blatant Beast,
 VVhose breath before 'tis s. labled for worse,
 Is blasphemy unfledg'd, a callow curse.

* A damp, in
 Cole-pits
 usuall.

* *Britannicus*.

The Laplanders when they would sell a wind
 Wafting to hell, bag up thy phrase, and bind
 It to the Barque, which at the voyage end
 Shifts Poop, and brings the Collick in the fiend.
 But I'll not dub thee with a glorious scar,
 Nor sinke thy Skuller with a Man of War.
 The black-mouth'd *Si quis*, and this slandering suite,
 Both doe alike in picture execute.
 But since w'are all call'd Papist, why not date,
 Devotion to the rags thus consecrate.
 As Temples use to have their Porches wrought
 With Sphynxes, creatures of an antick draught,
 And puzzling Pourtraitures, to shew that there
 Riddles inhabited, the like is here.

But pardon Sir, since I presume to be
 Clarke of this Closet to Your Majestie;
 Me thinks in this your dark mysterious dresse
 I see the Gospel coucht in Parables.
 At my next view, my pur-blind fancy ripes,
 And shewes Religion in its dusky types.
 Such a Text Royall, so obscure a shade
 Was *Solomon* in Proverbs all array'd.

Come all ye brats of this expounding age,
 To whom the spirit is in pupillage;
 You that damne more then ever *Sampson* slew,
 And with his engine, the same jaw-bone too:
 How is't he 'scapes your Inquisition free,
 Since bound up in the Bibles Liverie?
 Hence Cabinet-Intruders, Pick-locks hence,
 You that dim Jewells with your Bristoll-sense:
 And Characters, like Witches, so torment,
 Till they confesse a guilt, though innocent.

Keyes

Keyes for this Coffer you can never get,
 None but *S. Peter's* op's this Cabinet.
 This Cabinet, whose aspect would benight
 Critick spectators with redundant light.
 A Prince most seen, is least: What Scriptures call
 The Revelation, is most mysticall.

Mount then thou shadow royall, and with haste
 Advance thy morning star, *Charles's* overcast.
 May thy strange journey, contradictions twist,
 And force faire weather from a Scottish mist.
 Heavens Confessors are pos'd, those star-ey'd Sages
 To interpret an Ecclipse, thus riding stages.
 Thus *Israel*-like he travells with a cloud,
 Both as a Conduct to him, and a shroud.
 But oh! he goes to *Gibeon*, and renews
 A league with mouldy bread, and clouted shooes.

The Rebell Scot.

How! Providence! and yet a Scottish crew!
 Then Madam, nature wears black patches too:
 What? shall our Nation be in bondage thus
 Unto a Land that truckles under us?
 Ring the bells backward; I am all on fire,
 Not all the buckets in a Countrey Quire
 Shall quench my rage. A Poet should be fear'd
 When angry, like a Comets flaming beard.
 And where's the Stoick? can his wrath appease
 To see his Countrey sicke of *Pym's* disease
 By Scotch invasion? to be made a prey
 To such Pig-wiggin *Myrmidons* as they?

But

But that there's charm in verse, I would not quote
 The name of *Scot*, without an Antidote ;
 Unlesse my head were red, that I might brew
 Invention there that might be poyson too.
 Were I a drowzie Judge, whose dismail Note
 Disgorgeth halters, as a Juglers throat
 Doth ribbands : could I (in Sir Emp'ricks tone)
 Speak Pills in phrase, and quack distraction :
 Or roare like *Marshall*, that *Genevab*-Bull,
 Hell and damnation a pulpit full :
 Yet to expresse a *Scot*, to play that prize,
 Not all those mouth-Granadoes can suffice.
 Before a *Scot* can properly be curst,
 I must (like *Hocus*) swallow daggers first.

Come keen *Iambicks*, with your Badgers feet,
 And Badger-like, bite till your teeth do meet.
 Help ye tart Satyrists, to imp my rage,
 With all the *Scorpions* that should whip this age.
Scots are like Witches ; do but whet your pen,
 Scratch til the blood come, they'l not hurt you then.
 Now as the Martyrs were inforc'd to take
 The shapes of beasts, like hypocrites, at stake,
 I'll bait my *Scot* so ; yet not cheat your eyes,
 A *Scot* within a beast is no disguise.

No more let *Ireland* brag, her harmlesse Nation
 Fosters no Venome, since the Scots Plantation:
 Nor can ours feign'd Antiquitie maintaine ;
 Since they came in, *England* hath Wolves againe.
 The *Scot* that kept the Tower, might have showne
 (Within the grate of his own brest alone)
 The Leopard and the Panther ; and ingroft
 What all those wild Collegiats had cost

The

The honest High-shoes, in their Termly Fees,
First to the salvage Lawyer, next to these.
Nature her selfe doth Scotch-men beasts confesse,
Making their Countrey such a wildernesse :
A Land, that brings in question and suspense
Gods omnipresence, but that CHARLES came thence.
But that *Montrose* and *Crawfords* loyall Band
Atton'd their sins, and christ'ned halfe the Land :
Nor is it all the Nation hath these spots ;
There is a Church, as well as *Kirk* of Scots :
As in a picture, where the squinting paint
Shewes Fiend on this side, and on that side Saint.
He that saw Hell in's melancholie dreame,
And in the twilight of his Fancy's theame,
Scar'd from his finnies, repented in a fright,
Had he view'd Scotland, had turn'd Profelite.
A Land, where one may pray with curst intent,
O may they never suffer banishment ! (doome,
Had *Cain* been *Scot*, God would have chang'd his
Not forc'd him wander, but confin'd him home.
Like Jewes they spread, and as Infection flie,
As if the Divell had Ubiquitie.
Hence 'tis, they live at Rovers ; and defie
This or that Place, Rags of Geographie.
They're Citizens o'th World ; they're all in all,
Scotland's a Nation Epidemicall.
And yet they ramble not, to learne the Mode
How to be drest, or how to lisp abroad,
To return knowing in the Spanish strug,
Or which of the Dutch States a double Jug
Resembles most, in Belly, or in Beard :
(The Card by which the Mariners are stear'd.)

No; the *Scots-Errant* fight, and fight to eat;
 Their Estrich-stomacks make their swords their meat:
 Nature with Scots as Tooth-drawers hath dealt,
 Who use to hang their Teeth upon their Belt.
 Yet wonder not at this their happy choice;
 The Serpent's fatall still to *Paradise*.
 Sure *England* hath the Hemerods, and these
 On the North-posture of the patient seize,
 Like Leeches: thus they physically thirst
 After our blood, but in the cure shall burst.
 Let them not think to make us run ot'h' score,
 To purchase Villanage, as once before,
 When an Act past, to stroake them on the head,
 Call them good Subjects, buy them Ginger-bread.
 Nor gold, nor Acts of Grace; 'tis steel must tame
 The stubborn *Scot*: A Prince that would reclaime
 Rebels by yeelding, doth like him, (or worse)
 Who saddled his own back to shame his horse.

Was it for this you gave your leaner foyle,
 Thus to lard Israel with *Aegypts* spoyle?
 They are the Gospels Life-guard; but for them,
 The Garrison of new Jerusalem,
 What would the Brethren do: the Cause! the Cause!
 Sack possets, and the Fundamentall Lawes!
 Lord! what a goodly thing is want of shirts!
 How a Scotch-stomack, and no meat, converts!
 They wanted food, and raiment; so they took
 Religion for their Seamstresse, and their Cook.
 Unmask them well; their honours and estate,
 As well as conscience, are sophisticate.
 Shrive but their Titles, and their money poize,
 A Laird and Twenty pound pronounc'd with noise,
 When

When construed, but for a plaine yeoman go,
 And a good sober two-pence; and well so.
 Hence then you proud Impostors, get you gone,
 You Piets in Gentry and Devotion:
 You scandalls to the stock of Verse! a race!
 Able to bring the Gibbet in disgrace.
Hyperbolus by suffering did traduce
 The Ostracisme, and sham'd it out of use.
 The Indian that heaven did forswear,
 Because he heard the Spaniards were there,
 Had he but knowne what Scots in hell had been,
 He would *Erasmus*-like have hung between.
 My Muse hath done. A Volder for the nonce!
 I wrong the Devill, should I picke the bones.
 That dish is his: for when the Scots decease,
 Hell like their Nation feeds on Barnacles.
 A Scot, when from the Gallow-Tree got loose,
 Drops into *Styx*, and turnes a Soland-Goose.

To P. Rupert.

O That I could but vote my selfe a Poet!
 Or had the Legislative knacke to do it!
 Or, like the Doctors Militant, could get
 Dub'd at adventures Verser Banneret!
 Or had I *Cacas* trickes to make my Rimes
 Their owne Antipodes, and track the times:
Faces about, saies the *Remonstrant* Spirit;
 Allegiance is Malignant, Treason Merit:
Huntington-colt, that pos'd the Sage Recorder,
 Might be a Sturgeon now, and passe by Order:

F

Had

Had I but *Elsing's* guift (that fplay-mouth'd Brother)
 That declares one way, and yet meanes another:
 Could I but write a-fquint; then (Sir) long fince
 You had been fung, *A Great and Glorious Prince*.
 I had obferv'd the Language of the dayes;
 Blafphem'd you; and then Periwigg'd the Phrafe
 With Humble Service, and fuch other Fustian,
 Bels which ring backward in this great Combustion.
 I had revil'd you; and without offence,
The Literall, and Equitable Sence
 Would make it good: when all failes, that will do't:
 Sure that diftinction cleft the Devill's Foot.
 This were my Dialect, would your Highneffe please
 To read mee but with Hebrew Spectacles;
 Interpret Counter, what is Croffe rehears'd:
 Libells are commendations, when revers'd.
 Juft as an Optique Glaffe contracts the fight
 At one end, but when turn'd doth multip'y't.
 But you're enchanted, Sir; you're doubly free
 From the great Guns, and Squibbing Poetrie:
 Whom neither Bilbo, nor Invention pierces,
 Prooffe even 'gainft th' Artillerie of Verfes.
 Strange! that the Mufes cannot wound your Maile;
 If not their Art, yet let their Sex prevaile.
 At that knowne Leaguer, where the *Bonny Besses*
 Supplied the Bow-strings with their twifted tresses,
 Your fells could ne're have fenc'd you: every arrow
 Had launc'd your noble breast: and drunk the marrow:
 For beauty, like white powder makes no noife;
 And yet the filent Hypocrite destroyes.
 Then ufe the Nuns of *Helicon* with pity,
 Left *Wharton* tell his Goffops of the City,

That

That you kill women too; nay maids; and such
 Their *Generall* wants *Militia* to touch.
 Impotent *Essex*! is it not a shame
 Our Commonwealth, like to a *Turkish Dame*,
 Should have an *Eunuch*-Guardian? may she bee
 Ravish'd by *Charles*, rather then sav'd by thee.
 But why, my Muse, like a Green-sicknesse-Girle,
 Feed'st thou on coales and dirt? a Gelding-Eaile
 Gives no more relish to thy Female Palat,
 Then to that Ass did once the Thistle-Sallat.
 Then quit the barren Theme; and all at once
 Thou and thy sisters like bright *Amazons*,
 Give *RUPERT* an alarum, *RUPERT*! one
 Whose name is wit's Superfoetation.
 Makes fancy, like eternitie's round wombe,
 Unite all Valour; present, past, to come.
 He, who the old Philosophie controules,
 That voted downe plurality of soules.
 He breaths a grand Committee; all that were
 The wonders of their Age, constellate here.
 And as the elder sisters, growth and sence
 (Soules Paramount themselves) in man commence
 But faculties of reasons Queen; no more
 Are they to him, who were compleat before.
 Ingredients of his vertue thread the Beads
 Of *Cæsar's* Acts, great *Pompey's* and the Sweds:
 And 'tis a bracelet fit for *Rupert's* hand,
 By which that vast *Triumvirate* is spann'd.
 Here, here is Palmestry; here you may read
 How long the world shall live, and when't shal bleed.
 Whatever man winds up, that *RUPERT* hath:
 For nature rais'd him of the *Publike Faith*,

Pandora's Brother, to make up whose store,
 The Gods were faine to run upon the score.
 Such was the Painters Brieve for *Venus* face;
Item an eye from *Jane*, a lip from *Grace*.
 Let *Isaac* and his Cit'z. flea off the Place
 That tips their Antlets for the Calfe of Stace;
 Let the zeale-twanging Nose, that wants a ridge,
 Snuffing devoutly, drop his silver bridge:
 Yes, and the Gossips spoon augment the summe,
 Although poore *Caleb* lose his Chiistendome:
Rupert out-weighs that in his Sterling-selce,
 Which their selce-wants payes in commuting pelfe.
 Pardon, great Sir; for that ignoble crew
 Gaines, when made bankrupt, in the scales with you.
 As he, who in his character of light
 Stil'd it *Gods shadow*, made it farre more bright
 By an Eclipse so glorious; (light is dim,
 And a black nothing, when compar'd to him)
 So 'tis illustrious to be *Ruperts* Foile,
 And a just Tropee to be made his spoile.
 I'll pin my faith on the *Diurnalls* sleeve
 Hereafter, and the *Guild-Hall* Creed beleve;
 The conquests, which the Common-Councell hears
 With their wide-list'ning mouths from the great Peers
 That ran away in triumph: such a Foe
 Can make them victors in their overthrow.
 Where providence and valour meet in one,
 Courage so poiz'd with circumspection,
 That he revives the quarrell once againe
 Of the Soules throne, whether in heart or braine;
 And leaves it a drawn match: whose fervour can
 Hatch him, whom Nature poach'd but Half a Man.
 His

His Trumpet, like the Angell's at the last,
 Makes the soul rise by a miraculous blast.
 'Twas the Mount *Atbos* carv'd in shape of man
 (As't was defin'd by th' *Macedonian*)
 Whose right hand should a populous Land containe,
 The left should be a Channell to the maine :
 His spirit might informe th' Amphibious figure ;
 Yet straight-lac'd sweats for a Dominion bigger :
 The terrour of whose name can out of seven,
 (Like *Falstaffe's* Buckram-men) make fly eleven.
 Thus some grow rich by breaking ; Vipers thus
 By being flaine, are made more numerous.
 No wonder they'l confesse, no losse of men ;
 For *Rupert* knocks'em, till they gigg agen.
 They feare the Giblets of his traine ; they fear
 Even his Dog, that four-legg'd *Cavalier* :
 He that devoures the scraps, which *Lundsford* makes,
 Whose picture feeds upon a child in stakes :
 VVho name but *Charles*, hee comes aloft for him,
 But holds up his Malignant leg at *Pym*.
 'Gainst whom they've severall Articles in souse ;
 First, that he barks against the sense o'th House.
Resolv'd Delinquent, to the Tower straight ;
 Either to th' Lions, or the Bishops Grate.
 Next, for his ceremonious wag o'th taile :
 But there the Sisterhood will be his Baile ,
 At least the Countesse will, *Lust's Amsterdam*,
 That lets in all religious of the game.
 Thirdly, he smells Intelligence, that's better,
 And cheaper too, then *Pym's* from his owne Letter :
 Who's doubly paid (fortune or we the blinder ?)
 For making plots, and then for Fox the Finder.

Lastly,

Lastly, he is a Devill without doubt;
 For when he would lie downe, he wheels about;
 Makes circles, and is couchant in a ring;
 And therefore score up one for conjuring. (ter!
 What canst thou say, thou wretch? O Quarter, quar-
 I me but an Instrument, a meer S. *Arthur*.
 If I must hang, ô let not our fates varie,
 Whose office 'tis alike to fetch, and carry.
 No hopes of a reprieve, the mutinous stir
 That strung the Jesuite, will dispatch a cur.
 Were I a Devill as the Rebells feares,
 I see the House would try me by my Peeres.
 There *Fowler*, there! ah *Fowler*! ft! 'tis nought
 Whate're the Accusers cry, they're at a fault;
 And *Glyn*, and *Maynard* have no more to say,
 Then when the glorious *Strafford* stood at Bay.

Thus Labells but annex'd to him we see,
 Enjoy a copyhold of Victorie.
 S. *Peters* shadow heal'd; *Ruperts* is such,
 'Twould find S. *Peters* worke, yet wound as much.
 He gags their guns, defeats their dire intent,
 The Cannons doe but lisp and complement.
 Sure *love* descended in a leaden shower
 To get this *Persus*: hence the fatall power
 Of shot is strangled: bullets thus allied,
 Feare to commit an act of Parricide.
 Go on brave Prince, and make the world confesse,
 Thou art the greater world, and that the lesse.
 Scatter th' accumulative King; untruss
 That five-fold fiend, the States *SMECTYMNIUS*;
 Who place Religion in their Velam-cars;
 As in their Phylacters the Jewes did theirs.

England's

England's a Paradise, (and a modest Word)
 Since guarded by a Cherub's flaming Sword.
 Your name can scare an Athiest to his prayers ;
 And cure the Chin-cough better then the bears.
 Old *Sybill* charmes the Tooth-ach with you : Nurse
 Makes you still children, nay and the pond'rous curse
 The Clownes salute with, is deriv'd from you ;
 (*Now R U P E R T take thee, Rogue, how dost thou do?*)
 In fine, the name of *Rupert* thunders so,
Kimbolton's but a rumbling Wheel-barrow.

Epitaph on the Earl of Strafford.

Here lies Wise and Valiant Dust,
 Huddled up 'twixt Fit and Just :
 STRAFFORD, who was hurried hence
 'Twixt Treason and Convenience.
 He spent his Time here in a Mist ;
 A *Papist*, yet a *Calvinist*.
 His Prince's nearest Joy, and Grief.
 He had, yet wanted all Reliefe.
 The Prop and Ruine of the State ;
 The People's violent Love, and Hate :
 One in extreames lov'd and abhor'd.
 Riddles lie here ; or in a word,
 Here lies Blood ; and let it lie
 Speechlesse still, and never crie.

Epitaphium

Epitaphium Thomæ Comitis Straffordii, &c.

*Exurge Cinis, tuumq; solus qui potis es, scribe Epitaphiū:
Nequit Wentworthi non esse facundus vel Cinis.
Effare Marmor : & quem cœpisti comprehendere,
Macte & Expressere.*

*Candidius meretur urna, quàm quod rubris
Notatum est literis, Elogium.*

*Atlas Regiminis Monarchici hîc jacet lassus,
Secunda Orbis Britannici intelligentia :*

*Rex Politia, & Prorex Hiberniæ,
Straffordii, & Virtutum, Comes :*

*Mens Jovis, Mercurii ingenium, & lingua Apollinis;
Cui Anglia Hiberniam debuit, seipsam Hibernia.
Sydus Aquilonicū, quo sub rubicundâ vespere occidente,
Nox simul & dies visa est : dextrâque oculo flevit,
Laevâque iactata est, Anglia.*

*Theatrum Honoris, itémque Scena calamitosa virtutis
Actoribus, morbo, morte, & invidiâ,
Qua ternis animosa Regnis non vicit tamen,
Sed oppressit.*

*Sic inclinavit Heros (non minus) Caput
Belluæ (vel sic) multorum Caputum :
Merces favoris Scotici, præter pecunias,
Erubuit ut tetigit secus is,*

*Similem quippe nunquam degustavit sanguinem.
Monstrum narro : fuit tam infensus Legibus,
Ut prius Legem, quàm nata foret, violavit :*

*Hunc tamen non sustulit Lex,
Verùm Necessitas, non habens Legem.
Abi Viator, cetera memorabunt posteri.*

On the Archbishop of Canterbury.

I Need no Muse to give my passion vent,
 He brews his teares that studies to lament.
 Verse chymically weeps; that pious raine
 Distill'd with Art, is but the sweat o'th' braine.
 Who ever sob'd in numbers? can a groane
 Be quaver'd out by soft division?
 Tis true, for common formall Elegies,
 Not *Bushells* Wells can match a Poets eyes
 In wanton water-works: hee'l tune his teares
 From a *Geneva* Jig up to the Spheares.
 But when he mournes at distance, weeps aloof,
 Now that the Conduit head is our owne roof,
 Now that the fate is publique, we may call
 It *Britaines* Vespers, *Englands* Funerall.
 Who hath a Pensill to expresse the Saint,
 But he hath eyes too, washing off the paint?
 There is no learning but what teares surround
 Like to *Seths* Pillars in the Deluge drown'd.
 There is no Church, Religion is growne
 From much of late, that shee's encreast to none;
 Like an Hydropick body full of Rhewmes,
 First swells into a bubble, then consumes.
 The Law is dead, or cast into a trance,
 And by a Law dough-bak't, an Ordinance.
 The *Lyturgie*, whose doome was voted next,
 Died as a Comment upon him the Text.
 There's nothing lives, life is since he is gone,
 But a Nocturnall Lucubration.

G

Thus

Thus you have seen deaths inventory read
 In the sum totall ---- *Canterburie's* dead.
 A fight would make a Pagan to baptize
 Himselfe a Convert in his bleeding eyes.
 Would thaw the rable that fierce beast of ours,
 (That which *Agna*-like weeps and devoures)
 Tears that flow brackish from their soules within,
 Not to repent, but pickle up their sin.
 Meane time no squallid grieve his looke defiles,
 He guilds his sadder fate with noble smiles.
 Thus the worlds eye with reconciled streames
 Shines in his showers as if he wept his beames.
 How could successe such villanies applaud?
 The state in *Strafford* fell, the Church in *Laud*:
 The twins of publike rage adjudg'd to dye,
 For Treasons they should act, by Prophecy.
 The facts were done before the Lawes were made,
 The trump turn'd up after the game was play'd.
 Be dull great spirits and forbear to climbe,
 For worth is sin and eminence a crime.

No Church-man can be innocent and high,
 'Tis height makes *Grantham* steeple stand awry.

On

On I. VV. A. B. of York.

Say, my young Sophister, what think'st of this:
Schimara's reall; *Ergo falleris*.

The Lamb and Tyger, Fox and Goose agree,
 And here concorp'rate in one Prodigie.

Call an *Haruspex* quickly; let him get
 Sulphur and Torches, and a Lawrell wet,
 To purifie the place; for sure the Harmes
 This monster will produce, transcend his Charmes.

'Tis Nature's Master-piece of errour, this;
 And redeems whatever she did amiss,
 Before, from wonder and reproach; this last
 Legitimateth all her by-blowes past.

Loe here a Generall Metropolitan,
 An Arch-Prelatique Presbyterian.
 Behold his pious Garbs, Canonique Face,
 A zealous *Episcopo-mastix* Grace;
 A faire blew-apron'd Priest, a Lawn-sleev'd Brother,
 One Leg a Pulpit holds, a Tub the other.
 Let's give him a fit name now, if we can,
 And make th'apostate once more Christian.

Proteus we cannot call him; he put on
 His change of shapes by a succession;
 Nor the *Welch Weather-cock*; for that we find,
 At once doth only wait upon the wind:
 These speak him not; but if you'll name him right,
 Call him *Religions Hermophrodite*.

His head it's sanctified mould is cast,
 Yet sticks th'abominable Miter fast;

He still retains the *Lordship* and the *Grace*,
 And yet has got a reverend Elders Place.
 Such acts must needs be his, who did devise
 By crying Altars down, to sacrifice
 To private malice; where you might have seen
 His conscience holocausted to his spleen.
 Unhappy Church! the Viper that did share
 Thy greatest honours, helps to make thee bare,
 And void of all thy dignities and store.
 Alas! thine own sonne proves the Forrest-boare;
 And like the Dam-destroying Cuckow, hee,
 When the thick shell of his Welsh Pedigree,
 By thy warm-fost'ring bounty did divide
 And open, strait thence sprung forth parricide:
 As if 'twas just, revenge should be dispatcht
 In thee, by th' Monster, which thy selfe hadst hatcht.
 Despaire not though; in Wales there may be got,
 As well as Lincolnshire, an antidote,
 'Gainst the foul'st venome he can spit, though's head
 Were chang'd from subtill gray to poys'nous red.
 Heaven with propitious eyes will look upon
 Our Party, now the cursed thing is gone;
 And chastise Rebels, who nought else did miss
 To fill the measure of their sins, but his;
 Whose foule unparallel'd apostasie,
 Like to his sacred character, shall be
 Indelible; when ages then of late
 More happy growne, with most impartiall fate,
 A period to his dayes and time shall give,
 He by such Epitaphs as this shall live.

*Here Yorks great Metropolitan is laid,
 Who Gods Annointed, and his Church betraid.*



T H E E N D.